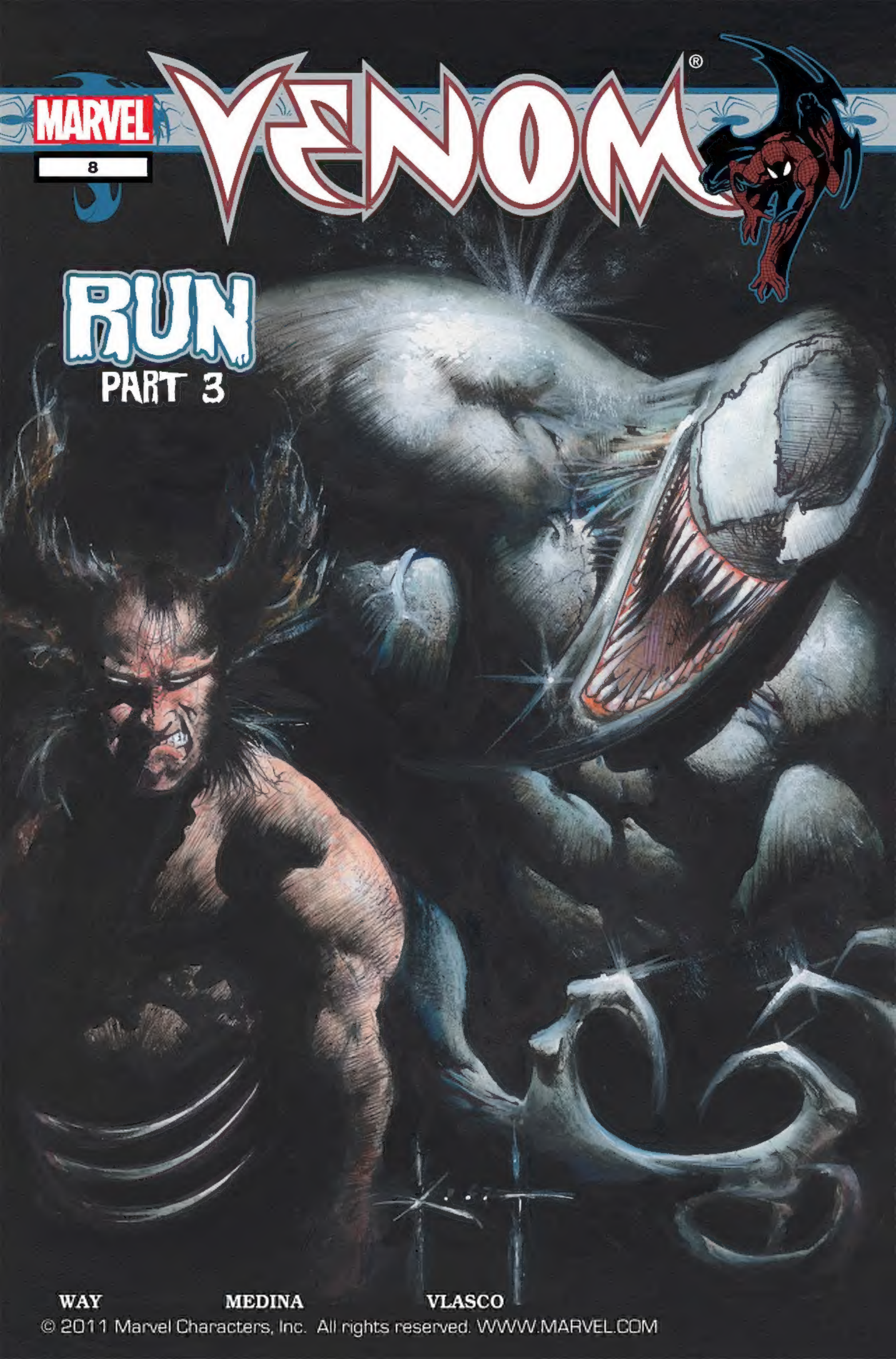
MARVEL
VENOM
8
RUN
PART 3
WAY
MEDINA
VLASCO
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RUN part 3 of 5

Patricia Robertson

"The Suit"

Frankie

Vic

Wolverine

PREVIOUSLY...

Venom is a parasitic creature that feeds upon and controls virtually any host it chooses, draining that host's vital fluids until the host's eventual death. Wolverine is a mutant whose body regenerates and repairs itself upon injury—theoretically, he *cannot die*.

And they're both in the small town of Voici, in Canada's Northwest Territories, at the same time. Obviously, this is a very large potential problem.

Which is why The Suit attempts to solve it in the most direct and permanent manner possible: He destroys Wolverine, rendering him useless.

This is, of course, only a temporary solution—Wolverine will heal. So The Suit must now destroy Venom before Wolverine's body heals and Venom obtains the ultimate host-body—all while evading Frankie and Vic, who are fully committed to capturing Venom for their own agenda.

Voici used to be such a sleepy little town...but it's about to wake up to a nightmare...

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RUN
PART THREE
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VIRTUAL CALLIGRAPHY'S CORY PETIT LETTERS
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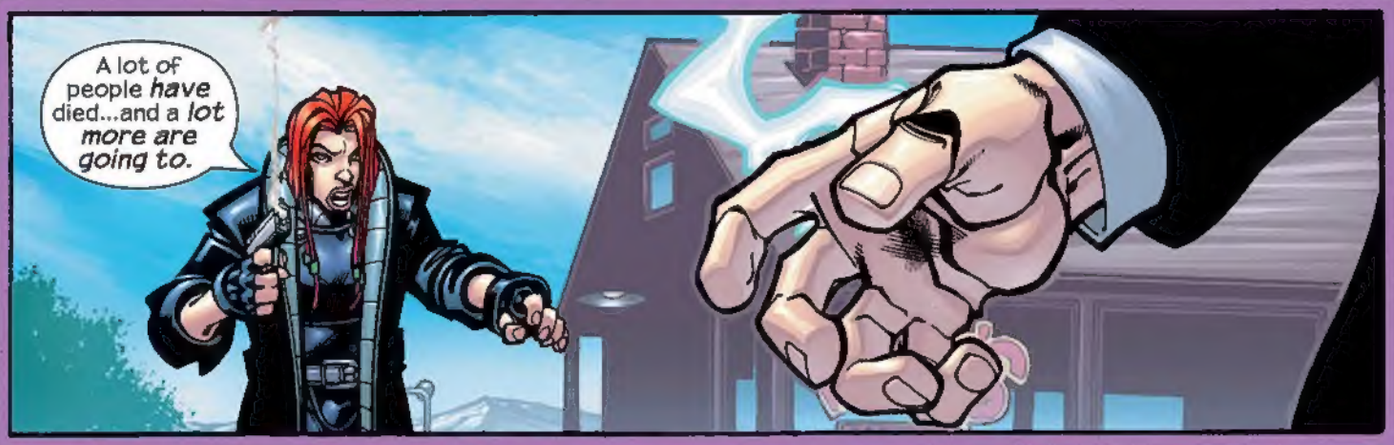
Oh, s^%#!
ZAKKT!
What the--
K-POW!
K-POW!
KLAK!
KLUD!
Ah!
Oh s@#! What are you?
KLOK!
UNNH!
You shouldn't have stopped to pick up the gun.
Oh, yeah-- why?
CLICK
Because it's empty...

I WANTED HIM...
I am aware of that fact. That is why I rendered him useless.
HE'LL HEAL— AND WHEN HE DOES...

It is all the time I need.
Too many have died. Too many have suffered. It is time to end this.
Good idea.
K-POW!


A lot of people *have* died...and a *lot more are going to.*

But *none* of them have suffered more than *me.*

PRETTYYYY...
She has been cybernetically enhanced, her brain stem modified and independently controlled. If you join with her, she will be able to control you against your will. You will not be able to escape.

She is, in other words, a *trap* set specifically for you.

He's *bluffing.*
Come to me.
I've been waiting for you my whole life.

Hey...uh...

I...I did'n see nuttin', o-okay? I just, ah...
Jus' lemme get my snowmobile over d'ere an', ah...I'll go home.
I don't-- I don't feel so good...
OH, YEAH...
...HE'LL DO.
Oh, #&*e...

POW!

SSSSHHHHHLLLKKTT!

AAAAAAHHHH!

SHPLAKK!
KRAKT!
HEH...

...THANKS FOR THE RIDE.
OPEN

WRRAKK!
NAN'S
COCKHOUSE
AH, YES...
NOW, FOR MY NEXT TRICK...
...I'M GOING TO NEED A VOLUNTEER.

Frankie-- It's on the move again!
Where are you?!
GAK!
You will not interfere again.
BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!
I'm right here, Vic.
Duck and cover.

FWOOM!

Who the heck was that, Frankie?! He knew about us!
Nobody knows about us!
Relax, Vic--
Relax?! He knew about the collar and what it's for! And now it knows, too!
Then we'll come up with another plan. I'm contacting The Arc to get a solution right now.
You're what?!!
He'll kill us, Frankie! He'll kill us for failing!
No...he won't.
Nobody's supposed to know about us, Vic...but you're saying that guy in the suit did. That information alone is more than enough to keep us alive and in his good graces.
We've uncovered a leak.

But... we don't know anything *about*--
No, *we* don't...
...But *she* does.
Nice.

Ukkhh...
All right, punk...
Round two.

D-DEET!
INFORMATION RECEIVED. VERY DISTURBING. WILL INVESTIGATE. PROCEED WITH INTERROGATION. AWAITING REPORT.
Okay... but what about--
D-DEET!
PRIORITY ONE: CLIMB TO 42,000 FEET. INITIALIZE 'PLAN B' PROTOCOL. AWAIT AUTHORIZATION.
HWRCOOOOMM!

What the...?
Waitaminute--I've seen these before...what the heck are you up to, Reed?
FZZAKKT
e&*s-se^#in' little piece'a--
FWUMP!
FWUMP!
se&%...

Do you think the *Canadian government* is... really gonna let us *do* this?
Heh...
D'you really think they'd say *no*...to *him*?
AUTHORIZATION GRANTED. PROCEED.
CLIK!

KLAK!
This just ain't my day...

KKKRROOOMM

C'mon, Frankie--keep it steady!
I'm trying! Get the nav boards back up!
BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP

Twenty-eight thousand! We're speeding up!
Two seconds! I've almost got it rebooted!
BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP

Ignition! Ignition!
CHINK!
BEEP BEEP BEEP

Pull, Frankie! Pull!

All systems up and running--we're good to go.
Nice job, Frankie...
BEEP BEEP

"...We'll wait for the blast cloud to clear so we can get our bearings, then we'll put down and finish this thing."
SNAP
"Roger that--it should be relatively easy to trap and assume control of the creature, at this point.
"Even if it does know that we're going to trap it, it'll have to choose us as hosts simply to stay alive--what other choice does it have?"
ZZZT!
KZZZZT!
BEEP-BEEP-BEEP! BEEP-BEEP-
CHIKT!
I am back online...and I have a plan involving the mutant humanoid.
Do not attempt to contact me, as I have other plans for this communication device.
CHARGING: MAX OUTPUT

Here goes everything...
TO BE CONTINUED...

EMPIRE